

off the car seat
looking kinda like spilt ketchup
that's dried on the drainboard
or on last week's dishes
still waiting there
to be washed clean
& laid in the cupboard.

AT LEAST A BLUE GUITAR WOULD BE COOLER

over a hundred
for over a week,
with no relief
& 3 house guests:

1. he's a fancy-dancer
& almost won the pow-wow.
2. she doesn't say much
but does do the dishes.
3. he likes wallace stevens
& wants to take "nude" photos
of me & my old lady.

it's hot.
i'm sweating & trying
to cool down.
after i tell #3 that
i can see only one way
to look at a blackbird
& that the only jar i ever saw
in tennessee was filled
with whisky,
not much is said.

he (#1) tries to fix the furnace
& offers suggestions for the refrigerator.
she (#2) is gone to the laundromat
with my old lady,
who wanted to pose "nude"
on the dryer for him (#3),
the would be poet-photographer.

that's the way it's been going.
the mercury rises,
but life goes on
like in a ball of snakes,
you try to follow one body
but you just can't do it.

-- Kirk Robertson

Fallon NV